



POOR OLD POSSUM!

ABOUT THAT PROMISE YOU MADE TO HIM—MAYBE YOU CAN AGREE TO WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR AN IMAGINARY TREASURE...



BUT I HAD TO BE DUE BACK ON DUTY AT ALICE'S SERVICE TOMORROW JIM!

I COULDN'T REFUSE HIS DYING WISH, KILL!



I'LL FLY YOU HOME FIRST!

THAT MAY NOT BE NECESSARY—THERE'S A POSSIBLE SOLUTION TO MY TRANSPORT PROBLEM!



THAT MUST BE THE PLANE BRINGING THE POLICE FROM COOKTOWN!

ALSO THE ANSWER TO MY TRANSPORT DILEMMA—I HOPE!



THERE'S A GIRL WITH THEM!

IT'S POSSUM'S DAUGHTER!



MY FATHER! HOW IS HE?

I'M SORRY ROBBIE—HE DIED A FEW MINUTES AGO.



WHY...WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO MURDER MY FATHER? HE NEVER HARMED ANYBODY IN HIS LIFE!

WE'LL OBTAIN THE MEN RESPONSIBLE MISS BAILEY—NOT THAT IT'S ANY COMPENSATION!



I'M IN LUCK! THE PILOT WAS AGREE TO FLY ME BACK TO ALICE SPRINGS! WE'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING!



WILE FURTHER NORTH

OVER WERE, CORKY! I'VE FOUND THE SUB!!



THERE'S THE WRECK, CORKY! JUST WAITING FOR US TO PICK IT CLEAN!

YOU STUPID GREAT CLUT! THAT AIN'T THE REMAINS OF A U-BOAT!



IT'S JUST SOME OLD TRAMP—LATE PACE IF MAC POSSUM LIED TO US!

YOU MEAN THERE'S NO TREASURE SUB?



IT EXISTS ALL RIGHT! AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE!



I HEAR TELL THAT ABORIGINALS LIVING AT THE LOOKHART RIVER MENTION TALK ABOUT A MONSTER RIVER SHARK THAT CURSED TO THE ANNIE RIVER.

WHAT'S THAT TO DO WITH THE PRICE OF FISH?



THIS PARTICULAR FISH MIGHT FETCH A VERY HANDSOME PRICE!

YOU MEAN?



EXACTLY! I'M BETTING THE NATIVES FAC-CALLED RIVER SHARK AND OUR TREE-SURE FLEET U-BOAT WRECK ARE ONE AND THE SAME!



I STILL SAY YOU'RE CLUTCHING AT STRINGS, LINKING THAT ABORIGINAL STORY ABOUT AN 'IRON SHARK' WITH THE U-BOAT!

YOU'LL SEE, WHEN WE GET TO THE ANNIE RIVER!



'CORKY' COCKSHINE AN MAC RICH—THE LOCALS DESCRIPTIONS FIT THOSE CUT-THROATS LIKE A GLOVE!



AND THANKS TO POSSUM I CAN DROP YOU SHARKS BANS IN THEIR LAPS!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

WELL, WELL! FRANÇOIS LECLERC,
KNOWN TO LOCAL HOOBS AS
"FANCY-FOOT FRANKIE!"

THE POLICE OF
TWO CONTINENTS
WOULD LIKE
TO SEE YOU!

PUT OUT THE LIGHTS,
MEN! IT IS **THE BATMAN**!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE **THE BATMAN**
IN THE DARK, FRANKIE! YOUR
PALS SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU THAT!

AND YOUR FILES SHOULD HAVE
TOLD YOU THAT I AM A MASTER
OF...

**SAVATE... FRENCH
FOOT-FIGHTING!**

WE'RE EVEN, EH, FRANKIE?
NEITHER OF US CAN SEE
THE OTHER!

WRONG,
MONSIEUR
BATMAN!

THERE ARE **FOUR** OF US--AND
ONLY **ONE** OF YOU. WE'LL FIND
AND KILL YOU EASILY!

THEN...

...LET ME PUT THINGS
IN A NEW LIGHT!

A **MAGNESIUM FLARE!**
BUT **THE BATMAN** MUST
BE BLINDED, TOO!

WRONG,
FRANKIE!

BEFORE COMING HERE, I PUT
GLARE-PROOF CONTACT LENSES
IN MY EYES--JUST IN CASE!

THAT'S THREE DOWN...
ONLY ONE TO GO!

CAN'T SEE YOU FOR
THE GLARE... BUT I
CAN HEAR YOU. I'LL...

BY THE WAY, FRANKIE, I'M NO
SLOUCH WHEN IT COMES TO
SAVATE, MYSELF!

FANCY-FOOT FRANKIE!
THE FRENCH SURETY
WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR
HE'S IN CUSTODY!

BLAST
YOU,
BATMAN!

I'LL GET OUT...
AND WHEN I DO,
I'LL GET YOU!

IF FRANKIE KNEW I WAS BRUCE
WAYNE, WHY DIDN'T HE THREATEN
ME WITH EXPOSURE? AND IF HE'S
NOT THE ONE... WHO IS?







James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
WRITING BY JOHN HILLARY



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WRITING BY JOHN HILLARY



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SCUBING OFF THE
PAINT INTO WHICH HE'S
FALLEN, RANDY MAX DEPARTS WITH HIS
NEW FOSTER PARENTS.



...I HOPE WE CAN ADJUST TO THE BRADLEYS, GIRL... ON HIS TRIAL VISIT!

AND THEY TO HIM, MISS PRESCOTT?...IT MAY TAKE SOME DOING!



...WELL, RANDY...
WHAT'S YOUR
FAVORITE SPORT?
...FOOTBALL...BASEBALL
...BASKETBALL...



**I CAN
READ REAL
FAST, SIR!**



...THIS IS OUR HOME,
RANDY!... HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT?



...OKAY, I
GUESS...

THERE'S A
PARK NEARBY...
A GOLF COURSE...
BASEBALL
DIAMONDS...

A SWIMMING
POOL... TEN
COURTS...



GO AHEAD, HONEY!
I'LL SHOW RANDY
AROUND THE
HOUSE!

...THESE ATHLETIC TROPHIES
RANDY...I WON THEM ALL IN
COLLEGE...THE BIG ONE
WAS FOR...



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—UH—

...WHERE'S RUNDY, DEAR?

UP IN HIS ROOM... BUSY READING SOMETHING!

UP IN HIS
ROOM..BUSY
READING
SOMETHING

THE KID IS REALLY BOOKISH!...NOT AT ALL INTERESTED IN SPORTS LIKE TML...WAS!



WOLF ELSEWHERE

MAC, DON'T
YOU THINK
YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH?

AW, C'MON!
ONE MORE
FOR THE
ROAD!...
C'MON!



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NEVER FEEL
BETTER IN
MY LIFE...
SEE YA!

Fig. 10. Start Suction Pipe
Reg. U.S. Pat. & TM.

Fig. 10. Heat balance plot.
May 4 to May 10.

...THAT GUY WHO JUST LEFT...WHO IS HE?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT IF HE DRIVES LIKE HE DRINKS, I'D HATE TO BE RIDING WITH...

I DON'T KNOW
BUT IF HE DRIVES
LIKE HE CRINKS,
I'D HATE TO BE
RIONG
WITH..

CRASH



Page 79 Page 2 Business Card
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Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN

SWIFT ACTION FROM A MAN NAMED BENDON...

OKAY, THIS IS WOOMERA SOUTH, BASE TWO—WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING IN THIS DANGEROUS AIRSPACE?

WE'RE LOST, AND WE NEED A LANDING STRIP—THE NEAREST! HERE ARE OUR BEARINGS—

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

RIGHT, WE'VE GOT YOU ON THE RADAR! SWITCH ON YOUR NAVIGATIONAL—

SURE! IT READS! THANKS—

THE FREIGHTER TURNS TOWARDS A LANDING STRIP TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY...

WELL, NOW ABOUT THAT?

OF ALL THE LUCK... I WONDER IF THEY CAN USE AN EARTH-SHIFTER?

H4493

Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN



AN AIR FREIGHTER ARRIVES AT A NEW LANDING STRIP ENTITLED WOOMERA SOUTH, BASE TWO...

THE POLICE...



A MAN IN AUTHORITY, SCEPTICAL AT THE BEST OF TIMES...

WELL, SIR, WE DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS—

YOU REALISE, OF COURSE, THIS IS A TOP SECURITY AREA? NOW YOU COULD POSSIBLY WANDER OFF THE NORMAL AUSTRALIAN AIR ROUTES, I DON'T SEE, BUT GO ON...

H4493

Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN



JEFF HAWKE AT WOOMERA...

...WHERE HE IS SPECIAL OBSERVER AT AN ADVANCED REACTION-ENGINE TEST...



WING COMMANDER HAWKE? YOU'RE WANTED ON THE RADIOPHONE—IT'S THE SECURITY OFFICER AT WOOMERA SOUTH, BASE TWO!



H4494

Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN



JEFF HAWKE AT WOOMERA...

—REALLY, MR HAWKE, I'D LIKE YOU TO COME DOWN HERE AND LISTEN TO THE STORY FOR YOURSELF! IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF NEVA SWITZ—JUST PLEASANT ENOUGH TO BE FRIGHTENING!

FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO THE NORTH...



IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT THE HEADING FOR SOUTH BASE TWO?

NO, BUT IF IT'S A MATTER OF SECURITY, YOU CAN USE THE DIRECTOR'S PRIVATE AIRCRAFT...

AND SO...



H4495

Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN



JEFF HAWKE ARRIVES AT WOOMERA SOUTH, BASE TWO...

A PRELIMINARY LOOK AT THE BIG PROBLEM...



WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY A BRITISH REGISTRATION!

AH, THE SPACE TRAVELLERS, I PRESUME—in a NEW AND ORIGINAL SENSE!



H4496

Jeff Hawke

BY STUART JORDAN



JEFF HAWKE GIVES HIS EXPERIENCED CONSIDERATION TO A COMPLETELY INTERFERABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS...

HAVE YOU CHECKED THEIR STORY WITH ENGLAND?

SO YOU WERE JUST CRUISING ALONG NEAR SCARBOROUGH, AND THEN—BUMP!—HERE YOU WERE?

THAT'S IT, SIR—THAT'S EXACTLY IT...

WELL, THAT SOLVES THAT, BUT I'M AFRAID WE DON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH SPEEDY FACILITIES FOR YOUR RETURN!

HAVEN'T YOU? OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO RUN UP A TALLY FOR FUEL...

BUT WAIT A MINUTE, SIR—

THERE WAS A BIG BUMP, AND THEN HERE WE WERE...

YES, IT ALL TALLIES—THE THING IS QUITE PREPOSTEROUS!

H4497



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL



SARON DALE TELLS HER ABOUT THE HERONS IN A BIG HOUSE IN HAMPSHIRE

CAMERA TEAM PICKED UP WITH ALL EQUIPMENT...



... AND NOW ANOTHER INTERIOR TON

WHAT CHANGES?



SOUTHERN... TELL HER TO BLAVINITE BOTH MEN BEFORE THEY CAN BE QUESTIONED



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL

SARON DALE TELLS HER INSTRUCTIONS

FIDO 2 TO BAINBOW—FIDO 1 ORDERS YOU ELIMINATE CAMERA TEAM BEFORE INTERROGATION BEGINS



YOU WANT HER TO REPORT WHAT HAPPENS?

WHY? YOU'VE ALREADY MADE-UP YOUR MIND. SOUTHERN



I'M GOING OVER TO INSPECT OUR PAIR'S BRANCH AND I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW

COME HENRY...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL

IN THIS LITTLE COTTAGE ON THE ISLAND OF CORSESTON

... AND HAVE THAT MARCH GLAD THE DAY OF MAY... "SALM" YOU WERE IS



I'LL ANSWER IT... BUT WE'VE RUN INTO TWO KILLING MACHINES... I CAN YOU BETTER COVER ME. WILLIE LOVE

SO DO I



NAMES CARSON WILL... JUST CURIOUS TO SEE WHO IT WAS THAT TOOK CARE OF THOSE TWO SPOY-MERCHANTS

COME IN, MR. BELL



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL

HAVE YOU HAD LUNCH, MR. BELL?

IF THAT'S AN INVITATION, I'LL GLADLY ACCEPT



WILLIE WON'T MIND SHARING—THERE'S PLenty MORE FOR TWO

WILLIE, WHO?



I'M AFRAID IT MAY BE A SHOCK, BUT I'M MODESTY BLAISE AND THIS IS WILLIE BLAVIN... WE'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH YOU IN THE PAST. YOU MAY REMEMBER

OHAIN RIGHT, I REMEMBER!



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL

HAVE RETURNED NOW... BUT I'LL TAKE BACK MY SHIP OF THAT STEAK IF YOU'VE EATEN IT WITH ME...

MODESTY BLAISE... YOU STOLE THE FORMULA FOR THAT NEW ALLOY FROM MY ORGANISATION, FIVE YEARS AGO



I'VE NO GRUDGE... YOU GAVE ME FIRST OPTION... BUT MY OWN SECRET'S SLACK AT CUT PRICE—AND YOU HONoured THE DEAL

WE WERE ALWAYS SLIGHTLY HONEST... HAVE YOU QUESTIONED THOSE MEN WE BROUGHT IN HERE?



AT THE ASSASSINATION STATION...

THEY'RE DEAD, SIR!



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'DONNELL

POISON, BY THE LOOK OF IT!



I THOUGHT I'D COLLECT THE TRAYS BEFORE YOU BEGAN QUESTIONING...



WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YOU'D BETTER NOT COME IN, MISS DALE. IT SEEMS VERY PRESENT... THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!





THE NIGHT OF THE
"SEANCE" AT THE
JURY REVISION.



WELCOME, MY DEAR
MRS. WARREN! AH, AND YOU
TOO, MR. KIRBY...



THANK GOODNESS,
RIP IS HERE! NOW, NOW
CAN I TELL HIM THOSE
NUMBERS OF THE SPIRIT
CONSISTENCY I BELIEVE
I READ IN ALTHA
MIND?



EMERSON, I MUST
GIVE THIS ROSE TO
THEA, AND I WON'T
TAKE 'NO' FOR AN
ANSWER.

SHE... AH... SHOULDN'T
BE DISTURBED
BUT... WELL... SHE'S
IN HER ROOM.

DRAST THE
WOMAN!
I CAN'T
STOP HER



I'LL COME
WITH YOU.

NONSENSE!
GREET YOUR GUESTS.
I'LL ONLY BE
A MOMENT...



THERE GOES
THE ROSE!
I HOPE
THEA FINDS
ITS MESSAGE
AND HAS
ONE FOR
ME...



WHY MRS.
WARREN,
HOW KIND!
THANK
YOU!

IT'S FROM RIP, DEAR, HE
SAYS TO EXAMINE IT
CAREFULLY, AND HE WONDERS
IF YOU HAVE
A MESSAGE
FOR HIM.



JUST TELL HIM, '25, 10, 13, 9, AND 30'
THAT'S ALL I KNOW, OR
EVEN THINK I KNOW!



SO KIRBY HAS COME
AFTER ALL, HOW I
WOULD LIKE TO HELP
HIM JOIN THE
SPIRIT WORLD!

"THE IRISHMAN"
SHARDS GUARD



WELL, I SEE "THE IRISHMAN"
IS ON DUTY WITH ALL
MISCELETS BULGING AND...
AH, HERE'S MRS. WARREN
COMING BACK...



ANY
LUCK?

SHE SAID TO TELL YOU, '25, 10, 13,
AND 30'. I SWEAR, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND PEOPLE IN
LOVE TALKING ABOUT
FOOTBALL SCORES...



GREEN
PAPER
WRAPPED
AROUND THE
STEM OF THE
ROSE... AND...
THERE'S WRITING
ON IT!

THE
IRISHMAN
12-30



THEA BOURNE RECEIVES
A PRE-SEANCE MESSAGE

A NOTE FROM
RIP! THE GHOST OF
CONRAD PHILLIPS SAYS
HIS PARTNER, AULT,
PUSHED HIM FROM
WALL STREET WINDOW
MANY YEARS
AGO...



AND AULT
SETS HIS
STAGE

IF WE ARE ALL
QUITE READY, THE
LIGHTS WILL BE PUT
OUT AND MISS
BOURNE WILL
JOIN US.



THEA MAKES AN
ERRAND EXCUSE
ARRANGED BY
EMERSON AULT.



OH,
DEAR, IT'S
SCARY!

SSH!
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
TALK.



AULT PUTS
ON A VERY
EFFECTIVE
SHOW. WAIT
UNTIL WE GET
TO THE PART
HE DOESN'T
EXPECT!



ALL RIGHT, GARTH. STOP WHIMING. LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN THE VALLEY BEFORE WE DECIDE OUR TREASURE HUNT IS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.



DAGGER, THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OLD PATH...

AND IT GOES STRAIGHT TO THE WATERFALL! WATCH THE PRINCESS, I'VE AN IDEA!



YES! COME ON, GARTH. THERE'S A CAVE IN HERE.



Inside the cavern behind the waterfall...

DAGGER, WE FOUND IT! THE TREASURE SHIP OF ANAKEN THIS!

IT SURVIVED CENTURIES OF CHANGES IN THE RIVER AND LAND AROUND IT.



Meanwhile...

OKAY, CORRIHAN. WHERE DID YOU GO WRONG? SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH DAGGER AND GARTH BY NOW, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM!



Within the rotting hull of the ancient Egyptian ship...

THE HEARTH OF A PHARAOH! WE'RE RICH, DAGGER. RICH!



NO, GARTH, I'M RICH... YOU'RE DEAD!



THOSE WERE SHOTS! BEHIND THE WATERFALL!



DAGGER...! YOU'RE AHEAD SHOOTING ME. YOU SAID YOURSELF, ONE MAN CAN'T HANDLE ALL THIS TREASURE...

TO MAKE SURE YOU'D BRING ME HERE, GARTH.



THE RUB, DEAR PARTNER, IS NOW THAT I KNOW THE LOCATION I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE EVERYTHING. I KNOW THIS TERRITORY WELL ENOUGH TO SNEAK BACK AGAIN FOR THE REST.



AS FOR SARNA, SHE'S DESERVING HER PUNISHMENT. KEEPING HER PEOPLE FROM FOLLOWING US. I CAN HANDLE HER AS I DID YOU!



As Dagger turns to shoot Sarma, a figure plunges into the cavern—PHIL CORRIHAN!



STAY DOWN BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, PRINCESS. WHILE I KEEP DAGGER BURN!



An exchange of gunfire echoes through the cave... bouncing off rocky walls to the cathedral ceiling...

(where a small CRACK appears!)



STRANGER, YOU HAVE SARNA'S THUMB FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

THE NAME IS CORRIHAN, PRINCESS, BUT CONGRATULATIONS MAY BE PREMATURE...



BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! AND FROM WHERE HE IS, DAGGER CAN COVER IT PERFECTLY!

